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The Wayside Piper

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Written for the Commencement Week of the Class of 1915 of the National Training School

Awarded first prize in the drama contest conducted by the Panama-Pacific Exposition Contest Committee

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FOREWORD

"The Wayside Piper" is based upon the old story of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," but in this dramatic adaptation the music of the Piper symbolizes the appeal of the Young Women's Christian Association to the hearts and minds of girls.

Into the Piper's flute, Faith and Hope and Love have breathed the essence of themselves to produce a clear spiritual melody with which the Piper goes forth into the wayside places of modern life to awaken a responsiveness and call forth the latent music of individual expression from all kinds of girls.

In the Prologue it is shown how the Piper gets his music and the three graces are personified by three young girls taking the parts of Faith, Hope, and Love, who give to his music its strength and joy and tenderness. In the Council scene which follows, the Spirit of Service has called together her Counselors to discuss the problem of the needs of girls. The Counselors are from the Workshops, the Fields and the Campus, suggesting the three large divisions of Association work among City, Country and College girls. Each Counselor states what she sees to be the need of her girls and there seems to be no evident solution for the problem until the Wayside Piper, wandering in, overhears their words and pipes his magic music. Then to him is given the sacred charge of going out into the highways of the world to attune the inner lives of girls to his clear true notes. Three short scenes are given representing industrial, country and college girls and showing how the Piper succeeds in awakening a response, giving them new joy and the consciousness of a purpose in life. In the closing scene the Piper brings all the girls together, carrying out the idea that the Association is an "association" of all kinds of girls, and in a final hymn he draws forth from them the expression of a new faith in God and a desire to extend His Kingdom.

CAST

The Piper

Faith	Counselor from the Fields
Hope	Counselor from the Campus
Love	Six industrial girls
Spirit of Service	Five country girls
Counselor from the Workshops	Three college girls

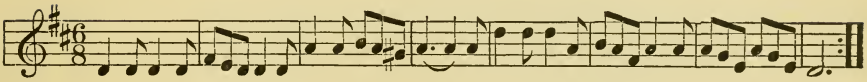
Any number of girls may be used for the closing hymn.

The Wayside Piper

PROLOGUE

Scene: A wayside place. Music is playing softly the motif of "Hark, I hear a Lover's Flute," from Charles Wakefield Cadman's Indian Love Songs.

[*Adapted motif for Piper's dance*].



Piper dressed in green tunic, girdle, cap with feather, brown stockings and sandals, comes skipping lightly in, keeping time to the music with a step similar to the schottische of three steps forward and the foot raised, and repeated, then the same step backwards and repeated. Piper has the appearance of "discovering" a wayside place. The music ceases and the piper throws back his head and speaks, rising slightly on his toes with an upward movement of the arms on the word "glad."

Piper:

Glad would I be, on some clear magic reed,
To flute my way,
Out in the world where dwells some human need
Of piper's play;
To stir perchance the songless hearts of men,
Awake, a-thrill with Life's sweet note again.

To hold within my feeble instrument
The soughing wind,
And sweep new vigor through a heart forespent
And courage find;
To breathe the Spirit's breath in living word,
Until resistlessly a life were stirred.

To pipe the ripple of the bubbling Source
And hail a friend—
And some parched child upon a weary course
Refreshment lend;
That through the channel of my flute might burst
A hidden Spring to quench some burning thirst.

Within my hands the golden Light to grasp,
[*hands raised*]
And make it song;
And waft it forth for other hands to clasp,
[*movement of sending forth*]
Undimmed and strong;
To pierce the dark with one immortal gleam,
And kindle there a vital glowing dream.

Thus would I through the footpath ways of Earth
Pipe Love's refrain,
Pour out a wealth of song and wake to birth
A kindred strain.
Far off, perhaps, and faintly might be heard
[*slowly, in happy listening mood*]
The lingering echoes of one passing word.

Piper stands in meditative attitude at right of stage, and a young girl, Faith, dressed in graceful amber gown, enters, on the left. He does not see her until she speaks.

Faith:

Ah, Piper, there has lately come to me,
Like thistle-down adrift on summer air,
A wistful echo of your heart's desire.
Therefore I come to breathe within your pipe
A melody,—a music that can set
The fretful heart atune with childlike trust,
For I am Faith, and I have clearly sung
Through passing ages, to the human heart.
So, Piper,
[*takes in her hand the flute*]
Here within your rhythmic flute,
I breathe the breath of Faith, and bid you fare
Out in the world, and there send forth your song,
Until some faith-less child awakes to sing.

She breathes in the flute and retires. Piper takes a few steps in the direction she has gone. A young girl, Hope, dressed in rainbow colors, slips joyously in at the right. All her words and movements suggest buoyancy.

Hope:

O Wayside Piper, I have lightly sped
From over sunny hill and singing stream,
For I am Hope, and underneath my feet
The fairest flowers spring, and fields are green.
Upon my wings the rainbow dreams of men
Are borne aloft. And on the broken strings
Of lost desire, my gentle fingers play
[express idea of Watt's painting of "Hope"]
And wake anew the music of the heart.
I thought I heard an echo of your need,
And I am come to bring my richest gift.
[takes pipe]
Within your pipe I breathe the breath of Hope:
Oh, waft it forth in lavish melody,
Oh, rise, and wandering forth, your music make,
Where'er you chance to find a songless child.

Piper follows a few steps, and Love, a young girl in white, enters on the left.

Love:

O Music Maker, I am known as Love;
My home is everywhere; I set my feet
Within the starry pathway of the sky,
[pointing upward]
In quiet places where the wild things are,
And in the marts of men. I wake the dawn,
And kindle fires along the sunset sky.
[moving hand slowly westward]
I blossom in the rose, and nightly fold
[folding arms slowly as in embrace]
My tender arms about the universe.
I wake the smile that creeps on baby lips,
I wake the thrill that comes in Youth's glad hour,
I wake the song that everywhere finds birth,
For I am Love, and Love is life's great dower.
[tenderly]

So, Piper,

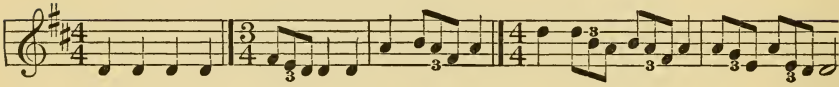
[*takes the flute*]

To my lips I place your flute,
And give your music something of myself.
Now fare you forth along the world's highway,

[*motioning the Piper*]

And waken there the symphony of Love.

Love retires and the Piper places the flute to his lips and plays a strain of sweet music from Cadman's Indian Love Song, "Hark, I hear a Lover's Flute."



SCENE I. THE COUNCIL

Scene: An arbor. Spirit of Service is sitting when curtain rises but stands to greet her counselors who have just entered. If a curtain is not used the scene may be the same as in Prologue. The Counselor from the Workshops and the Counselor from the Fields enter on left talking together as they come in. The Counselor from the Campus enters on right and they exchange greetings. The Spirit of Service enters at center back.

Spirit of Service (with voice and movement indicative of welcome):

Fair counselors—my warm and trusted friends,
Again we meet in sympathy of thought,
With eyes upon the same far-distant goal
Of future good. I therefore welcome you,
And bid you state whatever lies
Close to your hearts, of sorrow or of joy.

Counselor from the Campus:

We bring to you our greetings, and are glad
Once more to lay the burden of our thoughts
Before the gracious one in whom we see
An ever-ready willingness to serve.

Counselor from the Fields:

And we would wait the wisdom of your words
To set our feet anew in paths of work.

Spirit of Service (earnestly):

Ah, colleagues, I have called you here to-day
To weigh the problems of the needs of girls.
You know them, for you come from city mart,
From quiet country places, and from schools.
You too, have heard the murmurous discontent,
The selfish wish, and stifled cry of need
That rises in a discord to our ears.

Counselor from the Workshops:

We have, too oft, nor can we e'er forget.

Spirit of Service:

How is it thus?—and what are we to do?
What is the present need you daily see,
As silently, invisibly you pass
Out in the world through varied groups of girls,
What do you find, what service freely given?
How may the Kingdom of the Serving Love
Be widened everywhere in East and West
[arms thrown wide apart]
Beyond the sacred frontiers of the heart?

Counselor from the Campus:

What can we say?—the spirit is abroad
For service, for it lives in printed page,
On lips of men and often in the heart.
We see it everywhere, its leaven spreads
By day and night—and yet we also find
Where'er we turn, that there are girls unreached.

Counselor from the Workshops (with admiration):

Ah, yes, the flower of Service freely yields
Its fragrance on the earth. I've watched it grow
Where scarcely could be seen a ray of light.
Yet how I wish that I could see no more
A picture that comes often to my eyes.

Spirit of Service:

What is this thing that haunts your memory?

Counselor from the Workshops (visualizing):

Before my eyes the vision slowly forms:
I see dim narrow streets and brick red walls
And little children seeking room to play.
I see small girls who scarce have learned to skip
Before the beckoning hand of daily Want
Bids them "Away and work!" Many there are
Whose eyes have never seen the "Golden Age,"
That glorious age of dreams—Youth's heritage,
Who ne'er have watched a crimson bud unfold,
Who ne'er have thrilled to feel the Spring's wild breath
[*express thrill*]
Who ne'er have flung themselves in utter joy
[*express abandonment*]
Upon the bosom of our Mother Earth.
Little and old I seem to see them bend
[*change in tone*]
With misty eyes, above great piles of work
[*illustrate with movement*]
Moving the hand or foot in dead'ning toil
While dreary, unrelenting hours drag on.
The young head droops, the little face grows wan,
The shoulders stoop, the eyes forget to shine,
And from the precious fabric of a life
The glow and freshness of its youth is gone.
[*drops hand heavily to side*]

Spirit of Service:

Oh, can it be that you behold aright?
What can we do?—What can we ever do?

Counselor from the Workshops:

I do not know. I ponder it each day,
Nor yet have found the answer to the need.

Spirit of Service (turning to the Counselor from the Fields, expectantly):

But you, my friend—the Spirit from the Fields,
What do you see among your country girls
Who have for heritage the great Out-Doors?
You surely bring a picture of content
And joy, in all God's fair and fruitful world.

Counselor from the Fields:

I wish that I could say it is all fair.
The country-sides are bright with springing flowers
[*shows appreciation of beauty*]
The woods are dim and cool with moss and fern—
I see the pastures where the cattle graze,
The orchards where the boughs are white with bloom.
But, too, I see young girls on scattered farms,
In lonely places, where companionship
Is scarcely known and pleasures far between.
And somehow from the round of common toil
There fades for them the glory of a task,
They see—and yet I think they do not see,
[*meditatively*]
The changing beauty of the circling year.
Where lies the key to open up their world?
'Tis this, I think—acquaintanceship with One
Who taught of old from simple wayside things
Of Galilee, the parables of love.
They need to know His Presence still is there
And knowing this, the hills are hallowed ground,
The lilies and the birds tell of His love,
And life becomes a joyous chance to share.

Spirit of Service:

You state the need aright—What can we do?

Counselor from the Fields:

I do not know. It surely lies with men
To witness to the truth that has been given.

Spirit of Service (turning to Counselor from the Campus):

And you—what do you see day after day
Within your campus world?

Counselor from the Campus:

A picture fair at first to look upon,
Of countless girls with eyes aglow with light
[*animation*]
And minds alert. I see an eagerness
[*crosses to left of stage beside the other two counselors*]
To follow Truth beyond its farthest rim,
And grasp the whole of Life's great mystery.
Erect and strong and free they seem to stand
[*express with movement of shoulders*]
Before the open doors of Leadership
With many lovely gifts of mind and heart.
And yet, I see but few who enter in
To lay their gifts in true humility
Low at the feet of others in their need.

Spirit of Service:

Your words weigh heavily upon my heart.

Piper comes in with the same light step as in Prologue and with pipe in hand. Stands listening while Spirit of Service speaks (with feeling):

Oh, how I wish that I could send you forth
Throughout the world, to waken there anew
The radiant possibilities of girls.

Piper advances and plays his melody.

Spirit of Service (with surprise):

O Piping Stranger, whither have you come?
Your mystic music stirs the soul of me.

The Piper (with exuberance):

Oh, I am the Wayside Piper
Footing the paths of Earth,
Making a magic music
Piping a glad rebirth.
Sad hearts,
Glad hearts,
Awake! Awake!
I make things new,
For Love's own sake.
Hear! Hear!
My music clear
Can banish all
Your gloomy fear,
Sing! Sing!
Your gladness bring,
Until the Earth
With song shall ring.
For I am the Wayside Piper
And I search for a human need;
Then I pipe new faith and hope and love
Upon my magic reed.

Again the Piper plays his melody.

Spirit of Service (joyously to Counselors):

O Miracle! How wonderful it is!
He has within his flute a gift divine.
[*turning to Piper*]
O Piper, you are timely for our need,
For unto you has come a solemn trust.
Those tender notes of faith and hope and love
Can make dull hearts vibrate and live anew;
Where'er you go your outpoured gift may be
A wayside sacrament of serving love.
So here we offer you a sacred charge:
Go forth among the girlhood of the world
And there attune the inner life to God.

Piper bows low in acceptance of the charge.

Counselor from the Workshops (coming forward and slipping her symbol—a tool—in the Piper's belt):

The symbol of my task I offer you.
It stands for usefulness, so may you be
An instrument kept bright and fit for work.

Counselor from the Fields (advancing and placing a wreath of clover blossoms upon the Piper's head):

Upon your head I place a clover wreath,
May Beauty crown you wheresoe'er you go.

Counselor from the Campus (placing her symbol, a book, in the Piper's belt)

My symbol is a book. May Knowledge be
Companion to you all the way along.

Song to the Piper by Spirit of Service and Counselors. Tune: "To Night."

Sacred the charge we give to you
Piper of Song.
Follow the winding waysides through,
And lead Earth's girlhood forth anew,
Awakening music rich and true,
Where'er you chance along.
Make life's note strong,
Piper of Song.

Sacred the gift entrusted you,
Piper of Song,
Go with your pipe and sweetly woo,
From the shop and field and campus too,
The girls who would their lives renew
And hand and heart make strong.
So fare along,
Piper of Song.

A young girl enters at center back, representing the Twentieth Century. She is dressed in white and silver, with flowing hair, and carries a tall torch (formed of an electric flashlight in a cornucopia of silver with golden crepe paper curving above the light.)

Spirit of the Twentieth Century (addressing the Piper):

The Twentieth Century Spirit welcomes you,
And lends her light to guide you down the years.
As yet we stand but on the threshold dim,
And cannot see what changes wait us there,
Within the cycle of the passing years.
But faintly I discern a sunrise sky,
[visualizing]
Flooding the East with tints of rose and gold,
And spreading o'er the world the light of Peace.
I see beyond the mists and clouds of war,
The shining symbol of the reign of Love,
When nations shall link hands to stand for right.
I see a time when radiant womanhood
Within the Kingdom that will come on earth
Will find at last the more abundant life,
And crowned with freedom, gladly live to serve.
Come, follow me, O Piper, down the years,
[turns to Piper with suggestion to follow]
I seek to show all women, East and West,
The radiance of my torch, until the Dawn
Shall usher in at last the "Golden Age."

The Spirit of the Twentieth Century leads the way out, lighting the Piper's path while he flutes again his melody. Spirit of Service and Counselors turn to each other gladly, seeing the solution of their problem. As the Piper reaches his exit he turns with a suggestion of roguishness and pipes to them, and they follow him out with a new joyfulness.

SCENE II. THE WORKSHOP

Scene II. The Workshop. (If curtain is used). A workshop with crude benches, sewing machine, piles of unfinished garments lying about. Six girls bending very closely over their sewing and working silently and mechanically, their sleeves rolled up, hair rather dishevelled and with weary droop of shoulders. The Counselor from the Workshops is glimpsed in the background.

(If curtain is not used). The staging is the same as in other scenes and girls come wearily in, three from each side, carrying their work over their arms and a small stool in one hand, sit down rather lifelessly and commence sewing.

This part is mostly pantomime except for the following casual remarks:

First Girl (roughly): Thread there!

Second Girl: Bother! (throws it at her).

Third Girl: Gee! I wish that whistle'd blow!

First Girl: I do too!

Fourth Girl lets her work fall, rests her chin on her hand and sits in a dreamy attitude.

Fifth Girl (to the girl who is dreaming): Get busy there! This ain't no place fer dreamin'!

Fourth Girl listlessly commences work again.

Third Girl (throwing down her work on the floor):
I'm sick of this job!

Sixth Girl: Goodness knows I am too.

Third Girl, slowly picking up her work, shrugs her shoulders and starts to sew again.

The Piper comes skipping lightly in, shows astonishment at discovering such an unhappy group, pauses a moment and studies them, then with a knowing smile he places his flute to his lips and piping his motif skips lightly in among them, peeping over their shoulders at their work and trying to attract their attention, but they are so intent and working so rapidly that they do not see him. He pauses before the one who has been dreaming, and bending down, pipes to her. She becomes suddenly conscious of him, drops her work and watches him, and her face gradually shows a response to his music. Then he motions her to go and arouse the others; this she does with a happy excitement and when all are standing the orchestra plays some folk dance and the girls fall into two lines, facing each other. The Piper takes his place in the center back and with his pipe motions them through a simple folk dance, which begins rather slowly and quietly but gradually has more brightness and spontaneity until the girls throw themselves quite into the spirit of the dance and laugh merrily. They form a semicircle at the close of the dance with the Piper in the center and keeping time to the music with the swaying movement used in "Sir Roger de Coverley," they sing the following song. Tune: "Song of April," or "My Maryland."

Life has music in it now
Something glad and new.
Piper, Piper, teach us how
[*all turn towards Piper*]
We may keep it true,
Now we are awake, awake,
Earth becomes for us more fair,
Something new has come to make
Of our daily work, a prayer.
Piper, Piper, help us be
Pure and strong, erect and free.

If tune "Maryland" is used, repeat two last lines.

The girls break their circle, scamper back to their sewing and gathering it up they form a semicircle again and continue their work while they sing the second verse of the song. They stand far enough apart for the Piper to skip in and out between them examining with admiration their work as they sing the second verse.

Now we take our work once more
See, it has a glory tint!
Why, 'twas never there before
[surprise, holding work up]
Not the faintest rosy hint.
Now we see it woven through
With a purpose shining bright,
Ah, we glimpse a rainbow too,
Arching there before our sight.
Piper, life is good and fair,
And we would the secret share.
[Piper takes them off with a dancing movement]

SCENE III. THE FIELDS

Scene III. The Fields. Scene: The out-of-doors. The five country girls in this scene are scattered to represent the separated lives they live on the farm. Each one is working alone unconscious of the others. One girl is seen kneeling beside a basket of eggs counting them out into an egg case. One is sitting on a bench peeling apples; one girl is mending; another is poring over her school books and seems puzzled over a problem which she cannot work out alone. The fifth is sitting on the ground tying daisies together into a garland. The orchestra is playing "To a Wild Rose," by Edward Macdowell. The Counselor from the Fields is standing in the center back half hidden by leaves.

As the music ceases the Piper's dance-motif is heard again and he comes skipping in at the right, pauses a moment, studies the group, then places his flute to his lips and pipes his melody. The girl who is winding the daisy garland sees him first and sits silently entranced by his music, then springs up singing, "Arise, arise, the Piper's come!" She sings this verse alone, arousing the others as she sings and forming them in a semicircle holding hands.

Tune: "The Song of the Illyrian Peasants" (with movement in time to music).

Arise! Arise! The Piper's come!
Send the message everywhere.
Arise! Arise! The Piper's come!
Send the message,
Send the message,
Everywhere.

All join in singing the second verse while the Piper stands at one side looking happily on.

He bids us rise up strong and free,
And be the best that we can be.
Hark! He bids us music make,
Music make.
Till the wayside shall ring with songs we sing
And joy is awake in everything.

The Piper dances in and out through the semicircle.

O'er the field and o'er the wood
Pipe the song of sisterhood.
Then joy and peace their fruit shall yield,
A harvest rich from every field.

The Piper steps to the center of the semicircle. All join hands, raising them high above heads they go forward to front of stage.

Hark! He bids us music make
Music make.
Till the wayside shall ring with songs we sing
And joy is awake in everything.

This song may be repeated from "He bids us rise" if desired, and other movements introduced.

At the close of the song each girl gathers up her work, the girl with the daisy garland slips it over the Piper's shoulders and they all dance off, following the Piper out on the left.

If a curtain is used the following ending may be given: At the close of the song the Piper takes from his belt the book given him by the Counselor from the Campus and they sit down in a semi-circle as for an out-of-door Bible group. The orchestra plays very softly, "Fair are the meadows." The Counselor from the Fields steps forward and raising her hands above the group, stands in the attitude of one pronouncing a benediction.

Curtain.

SCENE IV. A CAMPUS

Scene: Out-of-doors on a Campus. One girl in cap and gown is studying with books piled beside her on a bench. Two girls in white middy suits have just come in from playing tennis and are resting. One is fanning herself with a magazine and the other is casually tossing up one of the balls. The Counselor from the Campus is looking on, though scarcely seen.

A few notes of the Piper's music are heard in the distance and the two girls sit up quickly and listen.

First Girl:

What is that flute-like sound I hear,
That has within it something of a call?

Second Girl:

I do not know. It's strange and very sweet!

First Girl:

What is the thing it wakens in your mind?
It seems to speak to something deep in me.

Second Girl (rising):

It's nothing more than just a Wayside Flute,
So come, our game's a tie—let's finish it!
I'm rested now. We'll play the final set.

First Girl:

Let's wait awhile! Perhaps I'm rather tired—
But somehow there has come a different mood.
For weeks I've thought of nothing much but sport
But that stray note of music had a call
To something else. I wonder what it is!

Second Girl (shrugging her shoulders):

I'm not much given to dreams or changing moods;
I'd rather play than listen to a flute.

They wait listening and hear again a strain of the Piper's motif.

First Girl:

Ah! Listen! There it is—this time more clear.
There's no mistaking now, it is a call.

The girl who has been absorbed in study, looks up now and listens too.

Third Girl:

What is that wistful piping sound I hear?

First Girl:

We do not know. We heard it once before.
To me it has a strange, familiar sound,
I seem to catch a passing glimpse of home—
The little village street and dusty roads,
And girls I played with there so long ago.
I wonder why there comes the thought of them,—
Our roads have branched so very wide apart.
Their village life is colorless and dull,
And yet that music makes me think of them.
What does the music mean to each of you?

Second Girl (indifferently):

I think that it was just a passing call.
It cannot be that it was meant for us.

Third Girl (with conviction):

I'm not so sure, for I was deep in thought
When like a clarion call I heard my name.
Those clear high notes still echo in my ear
And I must know the challenge that they bring.

Second Girl:

Then why not go and bring the Piper here,
He's somewhere on the Campus yet, I think.

Third Girl (rising):

I'll find him, then. Why, see, he's coming now.

Piper comes in on left.

O Piping Stranger, we have heard you play,
And something in your flute is new to us.
What does it mean? What would you have us do?

Piper (more slowly and more seriously than in other scenes):

Oh, I am the Wayside Piper.
Listen!—and you will hear,
For as I play my flute again
The meaning will grow clear.

He plays, making every note of his motif clear and purposeful, then bows to them and goes out.

Third Girl (with enthusiasm):

Ah, now I have it! Now I see the thing
That I can surely do. How clear it is!
Why, there are many girls from far-off lands
Who do not know our tongue and cannot read,
Who yet have dared to venture forth alone
Across the seas. How brave and strong they are,
What dauntless dreamers eager for life's best.
Here are my books; ah, surely I can share
With someone else the light I have received.

First Girl:

The glimpse I had of home has meaning now,
I realize there is a debt to pay.
I clearly heard: "Go back and share your gift,
For freely as you have received, so give."

Second Girl:

I believe I caught a message faintly too,
[*slowly*]
But cannot yet its meaning fully grasp.
It made me think of God's great out-of-doors,
Water, and trees, and birds, and summer sun.
[*with vitality*]
I heard the laughter of fun-loving girls,
And saw long rows of little white-walled tents,
And there from scattered groups beneath the trees,
Girls beckoned me to lead them in their play,
Some pointed fingers toward the shining lake,
And seemed to yearn to plunge into the waves
Yet knew not how to swim. Oh, can it be
[*with eagerness*]
The love of sport's a gift that can be used?

First Girl:

Perhaps it is—when it is used aright.

Second Girl (with idealism):

And those high notes the Piper softly played
Spoke to me of an upward winding trail.
I wonder whether I could start girls forth
Upon the greatest Quest of which I know.

Third Girl:

Let's go apart and think it out alone.

First and Third Girl go out on different sides, leaving Second Girl standing in meditative mood for a few moments. Her face gradually lights up with the consciousness of a purpose, she clasps her hands and throws back her head as though saying a grace for the new revelation that has come to her.

EPILOGUE

Scene: Out-of-doors. The Piper comes in alone, plays his motif first at the right side of stage, then at the left, and the orchestra takes up the melody. Any number of girls enter from each side keeping time to the music, and crossing stage, they pass in center back and form a large semicircle. The group should be made up of all kinds of girls—college, industrial, foreign and country girls. The Spirit of Service and her three Counselors take places at the left side front, but only as witnesses of the Piper's fulfilment of his charge. The Piper is at the right side front and as the orchestra strikes the opening chords of the hymn, the Piper takes a step towards the center and with his flute as baton he assumes the role of conductor and brings out the music of praise and purpose in a triumphant hymn.

Hymn (to Beethoven's "Hymn of Praise"):

And now ere we part we would offer our praises,
To God the Father, Lord of Might,
Who of His love has formed us and kept us
And given His Son to be our Light.
'Tis His the music that wakens the Spirit
And His the way of Perfect Love,
'Tis His the Life more abundantly joyous
That comes to Earth from Heaven above.

May we go forth now to widen His Kingdom
That Peace on Earth may fully be known,
His work to do with truer devotion
Until His Love shall reign alone.
With joy we go in fuller allegiance,
Where'er His Spirit guides our ways
Till womanhood in the world's darkest places
Shall learn of Him and live His praise.

The Wayside Piper plays his motif once again and pipes them all away, and crossing the stage after him they imitate his quaint little step, while the orchestra plays his motif in quick six-eight time.

The End.

NOTE

Additional costume suggestions: Spirit of Service, white; Counselor from the fields, pale green with wild roses; Counselor from the workshops, pearl gray; Counselor from the campus, azure blue.

The songs "To Night," "Song of April," "Song of the Illyrian Peasants," and the Beethoven "Hymn of Praise," are all found in the Laurel Song Book, which can be ordered from C. C. Birchard & Company, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, for $1.00. If this book is not used, the "Song of the Illyrian Peasants" and the "Hymn of Praise" may be ordered from the same company for three cents each; the charge sung to "To Night" may instead be spoken; and the song written to the "Song of April" may instead be sung to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland."

Macdowell's "To a Wild Rose" can be ordered through any local music store.

If the Piper's pipe cannot be purchased locally (it may be a simple celluloid flute), it can be secured by sending 35 cents to Scranton & Wetmore Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Dramatic Material for Association Use.

The Wayside Piper. By Mary S. Edgar. Price 15 cents.

The Spirit of Sisterhood. By Helen Santmyer.

Depicting in simple but effective dramatic form the growth of understanding between girls and women of different groups and classes, through the centuries. Price 10 cents.

The Christmas Story. By Jane T. Miller.

Six tableaux illustrated with the singing of carols and readings from "Ben Hur." Can be given with little expense or preparation. Price 20 cents.

Girls of Yesterday and Today.

Half pageant, half play, this presents the history of the Young Women's Christian Association during its fifty years of existence in this country. For use in connection with the Association Jubilee in 1916. Price 10 cents.

The Ministering of the Gift. By Helen Thoburn

A national pageant showing the present-day activities and purposes of the Association. Price 15 cents.

Order from
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